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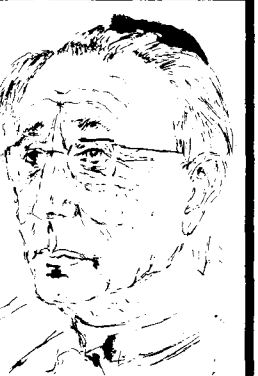

Frederick Franck

SACCO AND VANZETTI, MARTYRS

JOHN DEEDY

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NEWS & VIEWS

Bombs and Bombast

Thomas Conrad, the strategist whose article on nuclear proliferation appears in the current issue, feels strongly that the media are not contributing nearly as much to intelligent public debate on military and foreign policy as they suppose.

Conrad cites as an example the shallow reportage of the ABM debate of recent months. He characterizes the discussion as a battle of largely unsupported assertions by competing experts in which the lay public is given the illusion of informed participation, without in fact being imparted sufficient detailed information for solid independent judgment.

(Further evidence of the cavalier treatment of the public is that Senate debate on the ABM is to be conducted, in part at least, behind closed doors.)

But even more serious than media's failure to report detail, says Conrad, is an increasing tendency for media to propagate "official" views and thus to act more as an arm of government news management than as a source of reliable information for critics. (What a familiar complaint that has become.)

A recent personal experience has strengthened Conrad's views on this problem. The issue of nuclear proliferation was first described by Conrad in two articles, offshoots of research on a book, which were accepted for publication by the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* for its November and December, 1968, issues.

After the first of the articles had been provided with staff-artists' figures, set in type, galley-proofed and put to press, printing was halted. Conrad was told that the halt was because technical errors had been found; when he requested details on the alleged errors, these were refused. Then, suddenly, the explanation was changed; he was told the articles were too long and contained too many technical details.

Conrad was urged to salvage the effort by writing a shorter article expurgated of most of the technical details of the originally-accepted articles. This new article then lay fallow for about two months without acceptance.

In recounting this story, Conrad is careful to point out that there is no evidence of official intervention—no evidence, because the publication halt, unlike the original acceptance, was never discussed in writing by editors of the *Bulletin*, and because repeated requests for explanations were refused.

Conrad notes, however, that one of the conclusions of his articles is that the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, in spite of its public image of severe and sometimes excessive secrecy over the years, has inadvertently released precious research data on nuclear weapons, data which in the public domain creates exceedingly dangerous opportunities for cheap proliferation of high potency weapons. The magnitude of accessible bomb-designs, and the Atomic Energy Commission's responsibility for making available the major share of this information, are likely one day to be a deep public embarrassment to the country.

Conrad's articles may or may not have fallen victim to a tardy sensitivity over the flow of nuclear information, but he would still like to find out why two articles drawn solely from unclassified research on public documents created the problem they did. So would we.

Ben Roth Agency
Jon—Daily Mail, London

"There it is, sir, just beyond the oil slick."

Signals Over

There will be no riots on Fordham's Bronx campus this fall—at least no stage-acted ones. Paramount has changed its mind about using the Jesuit property and Fordham students for three student-riot sequences for the film "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever."

A Fordham official says Paramount altered its plans after discovering the transition-neighborhood vistas that would be opened up by helicopter shots.

Paramount declares the reason is the ferment on Fordham's campus, which "outside intrusion would only aggravate."

In any case, Paramount is once again shopping for a campus "where we can work unmolested," and where it can stage scenes of campus turmoil without risking a scenario becoming a real-life drama.

Which obviously narrows the possibilities to two: a Hollywood set or General Beadle College in Madison, South Dakota.

Credibility Gap Dept.

Two items dated June 30:

"WASHINGTON, D.C. (RNS) —Proposed changes in the administration of Communion, recently disapproved by the Vatican, were suggested by other episcopal conferences, not by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, the press office of the U.S. Catholic Conference said here.

"Earlier, the USCC had reported that the bishops' conference received communications from the Sacred Congregation for Divine Worship forbidding the reception of Communion in the hand rather than on the tongue. . . .

"These letters [of refusal] were not directed specifically to the U.S. hierarchy but to all Latin Rite episcopal conferences, the USCC noted."

Opus Sun/LNS

"Oooops"

"WASHINGTON, D.C. (RNS) —Permission has been given to the hierarchies of France, Belgium and the Netherlands to allow the reception of Holy Communion in the hand rather than on the tongue, the Sacred Congregation for Divine Worship announced here."

Odds 'n Ends

—They've been warning it would happen. A Western Pacific freight train carrying 22 carloads of bombs derailed June 29 in Tobar, Nevada, injuring five and setting off explosions that continued for hours. Next day the accident made page 77 of an 80-page *New York Times*.

—Harry J. O'Haire, executive director of Serra, is not worried about any "vocations crisis." His reading: "The departing group of priests are just very articulate."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Of Ernest and Saul

Philadelphia

To the Editors: Although the concluding paragraph helps ameliorate Saul Maloff's harsh treatment of Ernest Hemingway's fictional achievement ["The Impotence of Being Earnest," May 9], it seems the reviewer unduly undercuts Hemingway's literary accomplishments. For glibly to write off *For Whom the Bell Tolls* as " 'a book club' novel", grouping it with the much less artistic *To Have and Have Not* seems to do injustice to the former novel. And it also seems unfair not to mention the clarity, power, and structure found in Hemingway's short stories, while thrusting at his meanness in a parody, *The Torrents of Spring*. Additionally, one notes that Maloff fails to touch upon Hemingway's considerable reportorial achievement (*By-Line*, for instance), portions of which must rank with the best reportage ever produced by American correspondents. Admirers of Hemingway's work, however, can find solace in the knowledge that, wherever he is now, he probably maintains the view he expressed in print thirty-five years ago; specifically, "You must be prepared to work always without applause" (*By-Line*. p. 160). JAMES J. KIRSCHKE

Melrose, Mass.

To the Editors: Saul Maloff's rather amateurish effort to reduce Ernest Hemingway to dimensions he understands (i.e., those of a penny-a-word hack for "Outdoor Life") is merely the latest and probably the most undistinguished in the genre.

I am less concerned with Mr. Maloff's unwarranted condescension toward Hemingway's extremely valuable contributions to American literature than I am to *Commonweal's* editorial approach to this kind of thing. Is it quite fair to represent it as something as re-

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THE CHALLENGE OF BIAFRA

The figures stagger the imagination. One-and-a-half million persons have died of starvation in Biafra in the past 18 months; if international relief shipments do not increase instantly and dramatically, as many as 2 million more will die in the next few weeks. It is an appalling situation, matched only by the appalling posture of the rest of the world. Millions of women and children have been entered *en masse* as an instrument of war, and virtually everywhere people go their casual way—some oblivious to what is taking place, some uncaring, some concerned but not disposed to decisive action. The outrage in Biafra strains the shreds of human decency which the world is still able to claim in common, but even those whose consciences are pricked are given only to hand-wringing, to complicated formulae that stand little chance of success, or to token gestures—a little money, a little food, a few medical supplies, an odd Stratofreighter. It doesn't begin to suffice.

The Biafran problem is admittedly knotty. Mutual suspicions confuse the simplest issues; galling obstinacy characterizes both the Biafran and Nigerian leaderships; and a formidable diplomatic block is created by the UN's apparent attitude that the Nigerian-Biafran affair is essentially an internal matter. Yet the sum of difficulties does not excuse the detachment of those in position to do something, most particularly the United States. During his campaign for the presidency, Richard Nixon was quite clear about what was happening in Biafra; "genocide," he called it. But seemingly that did not mean he as president was going to do anything about it. For whatever convenient reasons, Mr. Nixon represses upset, while an official of the Federal Nigerian Executive Council exclaims, "All is fair in war, and starvation is one of the instruments of war"—thus certifying the genocide Mr. Nixon deplored Sept. 10, 1968, and making the prospect of millions more dying of starvation not fancy, not threat, but damn nigh inevitable—if bold steps are not taken immediately on behalf of the innocent.

No one, not even the strongest partisans of Biafra, is suggesting military

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intervention by the U.S. And, as Senator Edward Kennedy indicated in a June 19 position paper, U.S. involvement is possible without the U.S. acting militarily and without military advantage being conveyed to either of the warring sides. Senator Kennedy put responsibility for acting where it belongs: in the lap of Mr. Nixon, calling on the President to persuade UN General Secretary U Thant of the urgency of the situation and convince him to use UN offices for the effective flow of relief supplies into Biafra. He also urged Mr. Nixon to organize a peace conference in Geneva and to promote consultations between Russia, Britain, France and the U.S. on an arms embargo and on general deescalation of the complicity of great powers in Nigerian-Biafran hostilities.

The trouble is, the situation in Biafra has deteriorated so drastically in the 30 days since Mr. Kennedy issued his appeal that debate and discussion are for the moment out of the question, if genocide is to be thwarted and millions are to be rescued from starvation. Action is demanded now.

Again Mr. Nixon is the key. He should serve an ultimatum: if the UN will not move to save starving Biafrans, then the U.S. will act—with other nations or unilaterally, if necessary. The world needs a conscience on Biafra and Mr. Nixon should not hesitate to make the U.S. that conscience. There are political and diplomatic risks involved, but as the *Washington Post* noted the other day, there are no considerations so overwhelming that the U.S. must stand quietly by while millions are subjected to genocide. The Vietnam experience, of course, gives pause to involvement, but it should not dissuade. Angels of mercy are not to be confused with devils of death.

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Cold Blood In Brazil

Until a month ago probably not ten people in this country had even heard of Henrique Pereira Neto. On June 26 groups in ten cities from Boston to San Francisco, numbering up to 50 and 60 each, held "month's mind" memorial services for the little Brazilian priest brutally slain on May 26, his body found on the University of Recife campus. Similar memorials were being held in Europe and parts of Latin America, including Brazil—although in the latter country under the intimidating glances of helmeted police posted about churches.

The 28-year-old Neto was well known in Brazil's explosive Northeast, however—especially among socially-alert youth and student groups. He was aide for youth affairs to the charismatic Dom Helder Camara, Archbishop of Recife and Olinda, and the student chaplain for the Brazilian affiliate of the International Movement of Catholic Students (Pax Romana), as well as a teacher of sociology at the university.

His name was a respected one among those of priests and laymen of the area known for their "Marxist" (read: socially progressive) tendencies. This means that they take seriously not only the Gospel but such radical documents as the "Church in the Modern World," "Progress of Peoples" and the Medellin Statements.

These last are the remarkable position papers accepted by the Latin American episcopate at their meeting last October in Medellin, Columbia. More than a series of disparate papers on many issues (as the corpus of Vatican II could be regarded), the Medellin Statements constitute a cohesive vision of where the Church and Latin American society are at this time and project a unified approach to the common tasks.

Padre Neto's execution was a well organized murder and part of a pre-established plan, as Dom Helder and his episcopal vicars made clear in their joint statement issued May 27. (Efforts to obtain the text of the statement were consistently blocked by Brazilian censors; the first copy reached here June 8—from Europe! After three days on the telephone to Brazil, NC News was able to get the text out only on June 14.)

The bishops' statement told of written threats on the walls of church buildings, often followed by machine-gun blasts. The archbishop's house, the archdiocesan secretariat and the headquarters of the Second Northeast Regional Plan were all machine-gunned and marked with warnings written with tar.

"Then came phone threats," continued the statement, "saying that victims have been marked. In fact, the first one was the activist Candido Pinto de Melo, a fourth-year engineering student and president of the Pernambuco Students Union. He is now an invalid, with his spinal cord cut in several places."

The organization allegedly responsible for the Neto murder, the Anti-Communist Hunt Commando (Comando-Caça-Communistas), is not just the lunatic fringe of an otherwise moderate ruling class. (Many of its members come from the police and armed forces.) Instances of systematic terrorism, imprisonment and exile perpetuated by government officials and directed heavily against Church and student leaders have been reported all over the country. Ever since last December 13 when President Costa e Silva assumed dictatorial

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during July-September. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 8, August 22, September 5, and September 19. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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powers and suspended civil liberties, a tragically traditional military-oligarchic dictatorship has moved to a more overtly repressive police state. The appropriate reference is not Cuba or Czechoslovakia of the 60's, but Germany of the 30's.

A French-born worker-priest, Pierre Wauthier, was expelled last summer, beginning a series of foreign-religious' being unceremoniously tossed out of the country. Some U.S. and Canadian Oblates have been among these. A priest from Fortaleza, Fray Geraldo, was given a year's prison sentence recently; Father Manoel Artur, O.P., was forced to flee to Uruguay to avoid prison; several French priests were imprisoned at Belo Horizonte, as were Father Antonio Lopes de Almeida and two lay leaders. The later are being held incommunicado by the chief of the military police.

Students, less easily accounted for than priests, have disappeared in great numbers—some say by the thousands. Certainly more than the few hundred admitted to by the government were rounded up at the time of Rockefeller's Brazilian visit in mid-June. Others flee the country.

Chile, Mexico, France and, to some extent, the U.S. have become the beneficiaries of Brazil's self-inflicted brain drain. The exiles number scores of writers, teachers and lawyers. One of these is the great educator Paulo Freire, whose Basic Education Movement (endorsed by the Brazilian bishops; cut down by the Brazilian government) raised the banner of *concientização* ("consciencization") throughout Latin America. Until last Winter he was at least able to work in Chile with UNESCO but, according to reports, Brazilian pressure on that international body forced termination of his contract. He is now temporarily at Harvard and the Cambridge-based Center for the Study of Development and Social Change.

Another exile, the journalist and former congressman Marcio Moreira Alves, (ef. "Wrong Man, Wrong Time, Wrong Mission," *Commonweal* June 27), brought some of these troubles to the attention of the Pope last month. It apparently took two tries. The vehicle was a letter sent on the occasion of a meeting of the Pontifical Commission for Latin America (CAL) in the middle of June, and co-signed by Mrs. Branca Mello Franco Alves, a member of the Vatican Council on the Laity, and by Father L. M. Colonnese, head of the United States Catholic Conference's Division for Latin America. The *New York Times* reported that when Father Colonnese mentioned the letter in a private meeting with the Pope following the CAL meeting, the Pope had not seen it. A later news release suggests that Father Colonnese had to secure the intervention of Cardinal Samore, CAL president, to get the letter delivered to the Pontiff. At any rate, the Pope pledged verbally to do "all I can to help," and assured the American priest that "your concerns are my concerns."

It remains to be seen what the Pope or anyone else outside the country can do; the Church in Brazil is badly split. (The U.S. State Department and CIA are each intensifying their separate studies of the "Catholic Left" in Latin America!)

And it is just possible that the gentle spirit of Henrique Pereira Neto, the priest who did not join the guerrilla, may prove as potent an inspiration as that of his fellow-martyr, Camilo Torres. THOMAS E. QUIGLEY

(Thomas E. Quigley is director of the Division of Foreign Visitors of the U.S. Catholic Conference.)

Black and Poor In Cairo

"Come to Cairo," said Whitney Young to a black caucus of Illinois state legislators, "and I'll blow your mind." For weeks the press had been telling of a quaint new symbol in the nation's developing episodes of racial confrontations and frustrations—of a white-helmeted vigilante organization, a town of citizen-band radios and a group of clergymen camped in a closed black church in a tacky little river town (pop. 9,000) at the tip of the state of Illinois.

Cairo, Ill., pocketed at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, is an accident of the rivers. Geographically farther south than Richmond, Virginia, its traditional "Southern hospitality" has been institutionalized into a sword of defense. Viewed as a land of promise, the surrounding area is still known as Little Egypt, because of its semblance to the delta of the Nile. Charles Dickens made it the Eden of his *Martin Chuzzlewit*. King Cotton and the Mississippi riverboats anchored in the port of promise, but left only the remnant of a dying culture.

To the black community the rivers have always been a lie. In pre-war days the crystal waters of the Ohio beckoned as the last hurdle to freedom—but slaves found themselves shipped back to Cairo's cousinland, the South.

Cairo is still struggling to maintain its ancient priorities. Only in 1967 were the elementary and high schools integrated—under legal and financial threats. A drained, Main St. swimming pool, closed over a refusal to integrate, symbolizes the strength of its sensibilities. The black segregated Catholic church was not closed until June of '68. Cairo's Knights of Columbus made a valiant stand against black membership, long after more image-conscious Northern chapters reluctantly gave in. In 1967 the white Catholic community said "nix" to a request for a black sailor's funeral in the larger white church. Only a protest to the bishop brought the black body into old St. Patrick's.

"Nigger" is still the most common name for "them"

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in Cairo. But it isn't psychological racism—the taunts, the "Sambos" and the servants' entrances—that pushes the tension to greater polarization. When the blacks talk about Cairo they talk about the police, the courts, the churches and the poverty programs. They talk about a well-plotted and superbly structured institutional conspiracy laced to keep the priorities safe at any cost, even economic ruin. Cairo's population is now 40% of its famed days as a river port. A third of the inhabitants of Alexander County (of which it is the seat) are on welfare. One of State Attorney Peyton Berbling's answers to the problem: send people on welfare to other parts of the nation—a plan reminiscent of the pre-war river game.

When, in the summer of 1967, the files of a black AWOL prisoner found hanged in his cell mysteriously disappeared and a witness in the next cell was suspiciously released, the "trouble"—as anything concerned with race is called—erupted into three days of fires, some accepted, but unfulfilled, demands and the National Guard. The answer of the white community: the White Hats, finally ordered disbanded late in June by the State Attorney General and the Legislature. The 600-member group, officially the Committee of Ten Million, was mobilized to stop everything that moves in 10 minutes, according to original organizer Berbling. They were "armed with whatever weapons they had—shotguns, rifles, pistols." Members wore and displayed white helmets, communicated with citizen-band radios, and drilled in the town's streets. Condition of membership: white skin.

In August of 1968 Bishop Albert Zuroweste of Belleville, Ill., sent Father Gerald Montroy to the racially tense town "to develop social, economic and religious programs among the poor and black in Cairo." Efforts to organize interracial and ecumenical groups were blocked by the white citizenry. He started a tutoring program, but was refused use of the parochial school because of "association with black militants." Said Father Hugh Kilfoil, pastor of St. Patrick's: "Father Montroy wasn't there two weeks before he began consorting with the lower elements." The community soon decided that Father Montroy was no asset to its priorities. Father Kilfoil went to the bishop and came back with the word that "something will have to be done about the situation." Montroy, deciding that lines of communication must be opened for any effective beginnings, went to the press on March 23, accused the White Hats of vigilantism and the manipulation of scare tactics to keep the black community in line.

In East St. Louis, 150 miles to the North, representatives of the Catholic, Lutheran and Methodist clergy—the only three churches still "active" in the black community there—planned a camp-in for physical and moral support. After sending telegrams to state officials, they came with sleeping bags and cots to the closed black church, where 75 blacks waited to tell their story. They came with no illusions of accomplishment, planned no demonstrations, made no demands, instituted no programs. Their presence simply challenged the continuation of the town's priorities. Their goal: the support of a possible but uncertain ministry. A gamble at best. The black community told their story of the collusion of valid and necessary institutions in the oppression of a people.

Efforts of dialogue with community leaders revealed satisfaction, defense, and "good intentions" all round. Tension mounted and the presence of the Concerned Clergy, as the group of 30 became known, became oppressive. "Publicity seekers, outside agitators, militants, communists, hippies. . . ," Rev. Larry Potts, pastor of the Cairo Baptist Church vocalized the community's irritability: ". . . victimized and scandalized by a small group of publicity-hungry militants."

Officials of the Lutheran and Methodist churches came to express approval. Bishop Zuroweste sent a committee to investigate and recommend. Their recommendation for an associate to Fr. Montroy brought expressions of "shock" at the "capitulation" and cries of "unfair" from the white community. A white minister came Nicodemus-like at night and said: "I'll pay for this visit." The next Sunday his church was half-empty.

The tension erupted into gunfire on Monday, March 31. The rivers, the symbols of promise, continued to lie. It was from the levees that whites, joined by police, fired down on the Pyramid Housing Projects, where most of the blacks live. Blacks, convinced that no protection remains for them, fired back. Firebombings followed. The National Guard returned. The black community, relieved, "danced in the street."

The press did not report that six white cars were driven from the projects when the Guard came. The captain did not say whether they were armed. Several weeks later the captain was introducing the Chamber's chairman (who also heads the OEO) in a neighboring town, to give the White Hat side of the story. The white leaders decided—before it came—that an Illinois State Legislature committee was biased because five of nine members were black. Lt. Gov. Paul Simon came, spoke of the promise, and asked for a new police chief.

St. Columba's is now the headquarters for the United Front of the black community, made possible, ironically, by the symbol value of the White Hats. It has instituted an effective boycott. A new police chief was appointed, without consulting the black leadership. But Cairo has never been foiled by the promises of the North.

The Concerned Clergy have gone home—but remain organized. Sometimes they speak of possibilities.

RAPHAEL MIDDEKE

(Father Raphael Middeke is a member of the Concerned Clergy and a graduate assistant in the Dept. of Philosophy at Southern Illinois University.)

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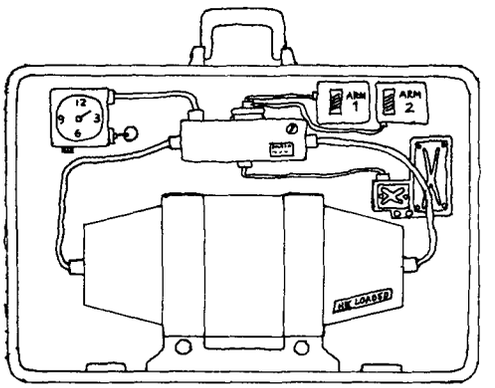
Prospects for nuclear proliferation

THOMAS M. CONRAD



Public discussion of nuclear proliferation usually assumes that any new nuclear powers would have to repeat, for the most part, the same costly history of nuclear development traversed by the present super-powers. The minimum cost of "entry" into the nuclear club is frequently estimated to be so high (say, $2-5 billion) that proliferation would inevitably involve nations rather than smaller, limited-resource organizations.

But under present conditions, maintaining high "entry prices" for new nuclear programs seems to depend partly upon successful maintenance of a technical façade or partly false assumptions, as follows. The impression is fostered that nuclear secrecy has been successful enough to date that a new nuclear program will largely have to depend upon its own research, conducted in the fairly straightforward, incremental, sequential manner of previous nuclear programs. If this impression seems credible to those beginning new nuclear programs, the result will be programs based upon independent research with little hope of "gimmicks" or shortcuts based on aggressive use of declassified information, programs *designed,* therefore, in a way which keeps research costs high. In drawing attention to the possibility that major research savings and faster results can result from aggressive use of leaked nuclear information, one faces a dilemma: if it could be guaranteed that those seeking nuclear explosives in new programs could be deceived as to their opportunities from publicly-available information, it might be better to remain silent. But it would require only one prospective new nuclear power which did use public information to great benefit to expose the situation, and in the interim there would be a lack of alertness to the possible dangers we face. On balance it seems more prudent to discuss the possibilities freely in advance rather than to blind ourselves by what might very well be a quixotic silence in any case.

What is available in public literature, mainly from the United States Atomic Energy Commission, is about as follows. In spite of an almost general assumption to the contrary, the gross performances of U.S. nuclear weapons can be estimated to what appears to be quite practical accuracy: these factors include yield, weight, fission fraction, size, shape, all as functions of each other and as functions of time in development. In addition, there is a large body of direct or inferential information on internal designs, materials, and general systems of design, most of which can be correlated at least roughly with gross performances. There is also a large body of publicly-available supportive information for nuclear explosives design: critical mass determinations, and computer codes for calculating criticality; hydrodynamics experiments, experimental methods, and computer codes for hydrodynamics problems; both highly-resolved and integral measurements of relevant nuclear reaction cross-sections; materials and devices studies; and a mass of information on how to instrument and conduct detonation experiments. Even the gross-performance specifications are sufficient to tell trained researchers quite a good deal about exact designs by engineering inferences.

Limited unclassified study suggests that this public information, used aggressively, might make possible initial design performances comparable to those obtained by the United States around 1960, for a new research program (2 to 4 years, versus about 15-18 years for comparable effects for the U.S.) which would be dominated in time

THOMAS M. CONRAD, *physicist and political scientist, is writing a book on the physical and social bases of massive violence.*

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by a concurrent program of building the production plants. The actual advantages could be quite a bit less than the estimate just given and still be drastically dangerous for the future of international order. On the other hand, the estimate of the possible effectiveness of aggressive use of public information is based on only about 1000-1500 hours of reading of unclassified and declassified technical literature and independent research by one man; with a greater data base and a number of specialists doing the work, the potential effectiveness might be at least a little better than the initial estimate.

If the effectiveness of a new nuclear design program centered around aggressive use of public information (and perhaps some espionage to fill gaps) is *anywhere near* that estimated, this could very well mean that many new nuclear programs could reach modest device performances, fully acceptable for the purposes intended, within the first very few years, up to the beginning of actual bomb production, and no further work need be done on design; this might also mean, for example, that the researchers would be hired away to work on another program, which would reach design sufficiency even faster because of experience in the previous program.

A typical program might involve a production capacity of 50-100 thermonuclear explosives per year, with total unit costs approaching perhaps $5 million per bomb for production runs of a few years. This would be a unit cost of five to ten times that obtained for the United States in recent years, a difference largely attributable to the assumption that uranium would not be used efficiently in producing the plutonium weapon cores. If, to pick an example in the range of those which have been calculated in detail, it would require an investment of around $1.0 billion and four or five years of production to stockpile 200 thermonuclear explosives with modest performance (say, 100 kilotons at 200 pounds), one would be justified in being frantic about the political and strategic possibilities.

What is one billion dollars? It is a sum of money which is at the disposal of perhaps a thousand different existing organizations (including national governments) in the world, at least in principle. There are even a few individuals who could afford a nuclear program of this size. But even when one is more realistic about the matter, there might be one or two hundred autonomous or semi-autonomous organizations in the world capable of supporting such a modest program (although not all simultaneously, because of limited materials and trained personnel). Among these now-eligible potential nuclear powers are such organizations as the Mafia and the Viet Cong.

The potentialities for nuclear proliferation offered by relatively cheap, quick nuclear programs are not fully tapped, however, until one notices that criminal syndicates and multi-nation consortia might very well be able to show heavy profits from a modest nuclear program of bombs for sale. Then the "entry price" for such nuclear activities as threatening to destroy a large industrial city for financial or political blackmail with a smuggled bomb might fall to $5-10 million. The availability of thermonuclear bombs in commerce for prices on this order is probably not much better than handing out free bombs to all comers would be, which is to say that beyond a certain point in nuclear proliferation the political and social damage could not get much worse. The potential availability of good quality thermonuclear bombs to rich cranks, terrorists, and extortionists by the thousands throughout the world could lead to one of two kinds of results: drastic decentralization of national societies, and the effective suppression of central governments, or extremely totalitarian methods of social control designed to deal with the enormous potential power of a society's cranks and criminals.

What kinds of controls would be required to locate clandestine nuclear weapons? A bomb with a yield of 100 kilotons and a weight of 200 pounds would have a diameter of about 1.5 feet and a length of about 3 feet; pretty handy for a car trunk, under a car seat, in a railroad locker, and hundreds of other places. With a proper truss hidden under clothing, a single strong man could carry it without too much problem.

Superpowers' Reaction

Since the potentialities are nothing short of catastrophic, even in technical cases very far from the worst cases, another problem, that of over-reaction by the superpowers, may arise. So far, even with nuclear programs like that of China, which threatens both superpowers directly, the reactions have been mild and inherently defensive (e.g., small ballistic missile defense systems). But if, for example, the Mafia were to begin a nuclear program aimed at selling bombs on the open market for profit, one or both superpowers might bomb the plants without waiting for production to begin. It is not at all clear that an extremely stiff and violent response to future nuclear programs by the superpowers would deter either national programs or privateers; what might result, instead, would be the banding together of several groups of small nations into consortia for crash nuclear programs designed to protect the small nations from "great power chauvinism" and "nuclear colonialism."

Violent and hysterical reactions of the superpowers to nuclear proliferation might very well catalyze nuclear proliferation by creating a situation of cooperative suppression and manipulation in which modest forms of unconventional nuclear terror and blackmail might seem to the smaller nations to be their only way out. The local and regional antagonisms which seem at present to be the major potential driving force for national-level nuclear proliferation might be submerged, by superpower over-

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reactions, creating a unifying poor/rich antagonism at the nuclear level.

These possibilities are merely special cases of the basic dilemma posed by nuclear weapons and other technical tools for mass folly which have been developed in the past generation. Without draconic, centralized social control, there is a threat of massive violence and social disintegration, in individual nations and around the world: with such totalitarian control, there is a reality of stultification and inhuman existence *plus* the threat of massive violence regardless (or perhaps because of) centralized coercive social control.

Obsessive dwelling upon the human capacity for folly and viciousness, provoked in recent years by new possibilities or opportunities for them, does not guarantee avoidance of disaster; recent history, domestic and international, suggests the opposite, that suppression of conflict by brutal force guarantees escalation of violence instead of tranquility. Official American responses to conflict for about the past decade have had underlying patterns of hysteria and disproportionate response to risk; either ignoring problems until they become high pathologies or taking minor problems and blowing them up by compulsive intervention until they become nearly uncontrollable.

So far, we are still around in some basic sense, although the United States as a society and polity is disintegrating and we are near a race war; but this crude form of survival must be laid more to luck than to rational performance. It is prospects like nuclear proliferation in the next two decades taken together with the fumbling of American "business as usual" which make even gross physical survival highly problematic.

Every systems analyst is trained to pay attention to worst cases. But what he eventually learns from experience is that, for problems more complex than military hardware, the identifiable theoretical worst cases are frequently so bad that dwelling upon them or trying to use them as "design cases" for policies can create self-fulfilling prophesies.

The theoretical worst case for nuclear proliferation by 1984 probably runs about like this: every national government in the world has a small stockpile of modestly efficient thermonuclear bombs; but every national government in the world is on the run, literally, flying from one hardened command post to another in rotation, trying to stay away from the nuclear guerrillas and their irate victims; each large city has become a walled, heavily-defended city-state with its own nuclear-armed short range missiles; and the world population is down to one billion and is falling at an average rate of 200,000 per day as new nuclear explosions take their toll.

As a "guiding prediction" or "design case," this estimate of the worst case does not seem to suggest much in the way of policy, except perhaps that those who can afford to should migrate to small, deserted islands. A sense of heightened urgency will have to be tempered with a distrust for total solutions if the attempt to deal with problems like nuclear proliferation is not to be worse than no effort at all.

'What's the matter with kids today?'

BILLY GRAHAM PLAYS THE GARDEN

PHILIP TRACY

The ads on the side of the bus told it all. One proclaimed that Billy Graham would be preaching at the Garden. It was done in blue and gold lettering designed to get the message across with a simple dignity. It did not assault the reader, it merely informed him. The other offered Bain de Soleil as the answer to all your suntan problems. It also was designed to get the message across. She was slim and tan and nearly naked and triggered a variety of indecent thoughts. As they rode together up and down the streets of New York competing for people's attention, you didn't have to ask which was winning.

If it may be said that Billy Graham did not succeed in Gotham City, it was not for want of trying or for want of skill. His Crusade Team exhibited the technical and managerial proficiency worthy of any first rate, multi-million dollar corporation. Their logistical ability extended from individual advisors of similar age and sex for the newly converted, to a soft drink lounge and press kits for the media. It was a smooth and flowing operation run by well dressed men with moderated accents. Understanding that the average reporter was secretly searching for the staff Elmer Gantry, complete with whip and black morning coat, the Crusade Team was a study in disarming friendliness. They were in New York to save souls in large numbers and planned to use the most efficient, effective method to bring the Word of God to a city of eight million. As one flyer announced, "Billy Graham is able

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to preach to more people on one telecast than the Apostle Paul reached in his lifetime."

The main arena of Madison Square Garden seems to dramatize whatever cause is currently paying the rent, from Gene McCarthy's friends to George Wallace's minions. Standing outside, you can see through its grey glass shell to the banks of esacalators which circle the building. Full of the faithful ascending to the upper tiers, it presents a practical picture of what Judgment Day may be like—one more line. With the platform placed at the west end rather than center, Graham was able to look out at nearly 20,000 people at once. Behind him sat a choir, 2,000 strong and clad in white. From the ceiling some 500 feet above, a battery of television and spot lights illuminated the stage in a bath of electrical splendor. It was impressive, professional. If there were an Elmer Gantry in the house it was clear he was more likely to be in the audience than on the team.

While the physical layout was uplifting, the speakers on the platform somehow never quite managed to match their surroundings. One problem was language. In 1957, when the Graham Crusade was last in New York, we were still more or less one people. We all spoke the same language, and if Kerouac and others were using funny words their readers were few and their influence fractional. By 1969 we were clearly divided, Nixon notwithstanding, the older from the younger, the black from the white, the cosmopolitan from the hinterlander. Each group had different problems, different fears, different devils and different words to communicate all three. An early tipoff of Graham's failure to understand the cracks in America was the fact that a program taped in New York was relayed simultaneously to Boston, Cleveland and Greenville, North Carolina.

As the Crusade progressed, it became apparent the problem was deeper than poor network scheduling. Phrases like "turn on and tune in to Jesus" were mixed with "a mighty fortress is our God." Young people were told they were looking for "a song to sing, a flag to follow, a creed to believe," while at the same time reported to be "hung up on drugs, on sex, on escape from the world." The audience was instructed to "do your own thing" at one point and to "devote your life to Jesus" at the next. Watching the Crusade over a period of nights brings some understanding of what the Tower of Babel must have sounded like. Graham and his "Associate Evangelists" chose their words so indiscriminately you were never quite sure exactly to whom they were talking or what they were trying to say. For those who came to hear the word it was a point of no consequence, but the skeptical ones caught on right away. Turning to a companion after hearing Graham speak non-stop for an hour, one listener asked, "What the hell was that all about? Nothing he says follows any logic!"

A further problem was the discrepancy between those the Crusade was trying to reach and the people who came to listen. Half of those who filled the Garden were repeaters. They had been there the night before and would come back again the next night. As one believer put it, "I wish there were a Crusade every night." For a Crusade which was held in Manhattan, there were too many buses from southern New Jersey and rural Pennsylvania.

Pitching Toward Youth

The biggest problem, of course, was the young. If Billy Graham and his associates came to New York for any one group, it was the urban young. With their long hair or their black skin, with their four-letter words and dismissal of all Graham represents, the urban young were the real challenge. To meet it Graham hired a hall in a loft two blocks from the Garden. He opened a coffee house and filled it with strobe lights and psychedelic accessories worthy of any discotheque in town. Three bands played rock music while video screens flashed fancy patterns with the name of Jesus and Love alternating in and out, or a question mark that blurred into a cross. Coffee was the strongest beverage served but in a city full of boredom the kids came anyway. And if you looked hard, past the out-of-staters or the apprentice preachers, the kids made you awfully nervous.

Janet is about 16 and comes from southern Jersey, where people are sparse and horizons limited. She's here with her mother's church group. If she sleeps with men she keeps it to herself. She says she's never smoked pot. Her chest is a little flat and her clothes a little too lacey. Her face is calm but her eyes dart back and forth like the strobe lights and she uses words like "shit" and "crap" and it reminds you of Bonnie and Clyde. She liked Bonnie and Clyde. She saw it three times. Janet is here because her mother wanted her to come. Billy Graham is "alright I guess," and she defined her relationship to Jesus with a shrug. Her father, a foreman in a metal parts factory, she classified as "a shit."

Teddy says she's 21. She looks 17. She comes from the East New York section of Brooklyn, designated "a neighborhood in transition" by local urbanologists. It's a tough place to live and her language reflects the native idiom: blunt and vulgar. She is here with her friend Pat who wears an Indian headband and no bra. One of their girlfriends at work told them about the place. They've "messed" with drugs, they like one of the bands, and they haven't the slightest idea who Billy Graham is or why they should "dig Jesus." With no minimum or cover charge to pay, they're looking for "new boys" and not asking too many questions.

Calvin is black, 18, a preacher in his church and committed to Christ. When asked about Graham, he answers, "The man is doing the Lord's work and I speak no evil against anyone who does the Lord's work." He believes the final Judgment Day is at hand. He feels his ministry is with the black people, and whites "must spread the

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gospel to the whites." When asked about the integrational aspects of the setting, he smiles and points out you're the only white man at the table.

So in the end, despite his efforts, Graham failed to reach the group he came to speak to and failed to dent the life-style of the town. He was reduced to encouraging those already convinced to "witness for Christ" in a world frankly bored by their convictions. Some of his critics said that by ignoring the hatred of the black man and the white, the violence which is now so much a part of us, our slaughter of each other by the rifle and the knife, the killing of our children in a hundred subtle ways, and our failure to explain to the young how we created this horror house, Graham ignored the meaning of a city like New York. By failing to speak to the meaning of the City he doomed any chance of touching the uncommitted. But the criticism smacks too much of familiar liberal religious rhetoric.

For Graham could have preached the Kerner Report and the general response would have been the same. In a city where "I am Curious" plays to a packed house six months after everyone has called it garbage, any man of God is playing against a loaded deck. If the Graham Crusade failed to spark the fire of faith, it wasn't for lack of salesmanship. The people decided they just didn't want the product.

Peace and parties of peace are unwelcome

THIEU-ING THE LOYAL OPPOSITION

TOM FOX

Saigon

Once again General Thieu has returned from the Pacific with a new lease on GVN policy to determine the breadth of legitimate political discussion and activity in South Vietnam. Once again an American President has given his tacit approval to South Vietnamese policy which handcuffs and silences many non-Communist nationalists uncomfortable with both the National Liberation Front and Thieu's American-cousin government.

Peace and rumors of peace are, of course, forbidden conversation. "Such talk," the Vietnamese people were told on national television, "must be severely punished . . . because it helps the enemy." The most memorable example of political suppression was the violent moves taken against the Buddhists and students in 1966, when U.S. aircraft flew General Ky's troops into central Vietnam to occupy pagodas, arrest dissidents and send at least one popular leader, General Nguyen Chanh Thi, into American exile. Some of those involved in the round-up are still being held; others have left the cities to join the Front.

Former Minister of Information during the early stages of the Tran Van Huong Cabinet and present Dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences at the Buddist Van Hanh University, Ton That Thien, spoke with me recently of the Buddhist dilemma. "Buddhist religious leaders and scholars," he said, "do not view the world in black and white or conflicting concepts. The either-or thought pattern is basically Western and does not fit easily within Eastern thought. Rather, as Buddhists, we seek synthesis, a harmony which when translated into action does not allow for total, unbending support of any government or any ideology. As a result, we suffer when we don't give in to the government's demand for total allegiance."

Central to the Buddhist creed is the desire to reach nirvana, a state which arrives through the harmony of spirit, man and nature. The religious ideal of peace, however, is also a political position. In theory, peace entails compromise, a clearly unacceptable solution to GVN officials—at least publicly—and especially to Thieu himself who has promised "never to sellout to the Communists." In practice, talk of peace has sent scores of bonzes to prison. Many of the young who have been studying Buddhist thought in the pagodas have been drafted into the Army as truck drivers and supply carriers. Catholic seminarians, meanwhile, remain exempt from service.

"My only crime is that of wanting peace," the Venerable Thich Thien Minh, the most outspoken bonze and government critic, told me from his guarded quarters in the center of a Saigon Police compound. "I am not a Communist, and in fact believe that only by uniting religions will we find a force strong enough to stand up to their dogma," he added with some insistence.

Thich Thien Minh called for a "peace cabinet" last January 24th in a speech critical of the present South Vietnamese Government. He was making preparations for a Buddhist Youth Congress to be held on March 1st when he was arrested for sheltering draft resisters and "Communist suspects" in Saigon's Quang Duc

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Youth Center. Thieu, under fire from the Buddhists, rescinded his sentence from 15 to 3 years last May 30th, Buddha's birthday. Although the arrest of Thien Minh has been a rallying cry for many Buddhists, it has left them uncertain regarding future moves and with only one popular bonze activist in the An Quang pagoda, the Venerable Thich Tri Quang.

Tri Quang has kept out of public view since his fast in front of the Presidential Palace in 1967 when he demanded a change in the Government's religious charter which, he claimed, discriminated against the Buddhists. Vietnamese claim his popularity has waned during his self-imposed quiescence. They add, however, that Tri Quang has the power to attract many followers on short notice should he decide to act. In private conversion, however, Tri Quang admits the Buddhists are divided and feels the time is not yet ripe to return to public life.

With continued division and a lull in bonze leadership there has been a move by lay Buddhist leaders to secularize and tap Buddhist support for political gains. Although few public statements have been issued, several independent forces have been orbiting the An Quang Buddhists in search of a secure political base. The Buddhist seal of approval would prove a significant credential and is much lusted after. Few Vietnamese actively em-

Alfrink of Utrecht, Legate from Utopia

"Alfrink is a liberal in Rome because we made him one at home," the Dutch at Vatican II used to say, and the epigram was once more confirmed by the latest poll, in which 88 percent of Dutch Catholics expressed confidence in their bishops, 90 percent in their cardinal, 55 percent wished for greater speed in reforms and only 13 percent thought the Dutch Church is lacking in respect for the central authority. Obviously Bernardus Alfrink has a reliable backing. Before Vatican II he was regarded as an unbending, run-of-the-mill conservative cardinal. Now only the extreme progressives call him that, although even they respect his defense of his theologians in Rome.

Born 69 years ago in the Calvinist small town of Nijkerk, it took the Cardinal until Vatican II to abandon the dignified, unapproachable formality expected from a notable of Nijkerk, one who had become a seminary professor and successor of Cardinal De Jong, hero of the anti-Nazi resistance. Alfrink's masterpiece, the National Pastoral Council, has gone even further to liberate him from his old persona than all of Vatican II. Here he unexpectedly revealed himself as a warm, alive human being, hardly belonging in his Victorian palace in Utrecht with its solemn oak furniture, potted palms and the stuffed Indonesian wild life presented to his predecessors by the faithful of Java.

During the Pastoral Council, in which not only bishops, priests and laity are represented, but Protestants and even agnostic humanists participate fully in preparatory work and debate, Alfrink's veracity, simplicity, dry humor and the high quality of his remarks have not failed to impress and to show that more than mere intelligence, he has that rare quality, "intelligence du coeur." It has gained him the affection and respect of those who want him to step on the gas as well as of the aficionados of the emergency brake. Alfrink's great merit is his discovery that being a good cardinal now is a matter of function rather than of rank.

"It is easy to push people out of the Church, it is a more difficult trick to keep them in," he said last month at the Villanova Theological Institute, where he was treated as an emissary from the Promised Land, an ambassador from Utopia. In an allocution, which was quite prudent without being hypocritical, he explained the democratic procedures of his Dutch Pastoral Council, a body which had become a necessity in a country which in a single generation evolved from abject subservience to Rome to radical emancipation. Asserting that it is not authority itself that is being called into question, but merely the exercise of authority, he spoke of his new style in the exercise of authority by open and public dialogue in the presence of the press, as public as a parliamentary session.

"This method," he said not without some pride, "has not decreased but enhanced the moral prestige of the bishops, whose task is not to dominate, but to fulfill the service of proclaiming, of making holy and of providing guidance." The documents of Vatican II, according to Alfrink, "do not put an end to, but are the basis for, further development in order that the Church will not isolate itself, but instead, be actively concerned with all the needs of humanity, to stand in its very midst, working for peace, human welfare and human rights; including all, excluding none. The insights of Vatican II are the flesh and blood of us all in affirming the value of the human person, the fellowship of God's People, the use of democratic procedures, the common responsibility for peace and happiness, the relationship with fellow Christian and non-Christian." He also declared: "Celibacy is not a theological truth; acceptance of *Humanae Vitae* is not a question of faith."

The questions from the floor were a manifestation

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brace Buddhism except for special feasts and family celebrations; nonetheless, in a time of crisis or national election many turn to the bonzes for personal advice. Since nearly 80 percent of the South Vietnamese are at least nominally Buddhist, all sides must take them seriously.

Today Saigon is witnessing a flurry of government and non-government activity among political leaders who feel the need to organize their ranks. Most Vietnamese suspect, some with hope, some with considerable apprehension, more is taking place in Paris than any party cares to admit. Talk of "peace this year" is common in the coffeeshops and taxicabs of Saigon. The Vietnamese have always been intrigued with clandestine activities, and many believe Thieu and the NLF—if each accepts a stalemate—would move to end the conflict. This is a big "if," but it has caused a rash of political activity by independent or "third force" groups.

With the Buddhists still uncommitted, only three groups have so far proved themselves politically. Clearly, the National Liberation Front and South Vietnamese Government, both already in Paris and both with men under arms in South Vietnam, are ahead in the pursuit of the prize which is South Vietnam. Each now claims a legitimate government within the South; each claims 80 percent control of the people and sizable land.

of general frustration. Taken together they amounted to an entreaty: "Please tell us how we can get our American bishops to emulate your example. How can *we* get communication from the bottom up?"

Alfrink counseled "more hope and more patience" with a Sphinx-like smile. "Couldn't you have added: 'And a bit more noise?' " I asked him in the car that took him back to Kennedy Airport. "You can't quite say that as a guest," he replied. "In Holland I can't even think something like it without finding it in all 20 Catholic papers the next morning!"

When asked whether he agreed that Pope Paul had completely lost his leadership, Cardinal Alfrink called this a "very delicate question" and qualified the expression, which he said was probably derived from press reports, as "too strong," then continued: "The Church is going through a very difficult period in which a rich pattern of currents polarizes every country. I would not say that the Holy Father has lost his leadership. We should have pity on him. I could not assert that any other pope would do better."

Alfrink is often called "diplomatic," but he denies all talent for diplomacy. Rather than as a diplomat I see him as a peacemaker of intelligence and decency, a seeker of synthesis rather than compromise who has both his feet firmly on the ground. It explains his attitude to the "rich pattern of currents" in his own bailiwick, as well as to Rome.

The Cardinal looked puzzled when asked whether an Underground Church exists in Holland. Indeed, thanks to Alfrink and his bishops, there is no need whatsoever for an Underground Church, since an alternative, the "experimental parish," is available. One of Alfrink's most brilliant advisers, Professor Frans Haarsma, has defended the rebellious chaplains of Amsterdam and Utrecht: "The institution is not in service of the Event that is the Church. It impedes it. That is why these rebels are on the side of living truth. He who allows experiments, is honor-bound to learn from them."

Clearly, Alfrink has the capacity to learn, hence the contrast between Utrecht and Washington. The Dutch Pastoral Council, perhaps still a bit too highbrow, proves that the Dutch are consistently Johannine, conciliar and reform-minded. Birth-control and celibacy are seen as obsolete issues, foregone conclusions. Yet there is absolutely no desire to break with Rome in this paradoxical situation of continuity and creativity.

Alfrink, the cardinal who can learn, listens to the theology lived among his people as well as that recorded by theologians, and what looks like diplomacy is the result of his appraisal of the needs and the mature contributions of the faithful. His image of the bishop is: "One of the faithful, but one who has a special task." That task he himself fulfills in open-minded recognition of the existing pluriformity.

During the last session of the Pastoral Council, the Cardinal was roughly taken to task for the temporary suspension of priests who had, against his prohibition, persevered in allowing the Mass to be celebrated by Protestant ministers during Holy Week. The Cardinal's theological arguments were all but demolished, among others by the president of the Council, but most ferociously by a highly radical female, Miss De Meester, who has built up a kind of notoriety by tackling Alfrink head-on. One of the suspended priests, Dr. Kamphuis, who also happens to be a member of the Council, sat peacefully in the same meeting with Alfrink for three days, participating in the debates. When Kamphuis spoke, he received loud applause, but at the end Alfrink got a veritable ovation.

"It is not always easy to represent Holland," the deeply moved Cardinal said, "but I always hope that the community knows that I have it at heart."

"He is a great old guy," exclaimed Miss De Meester, and that might be an adequate way in 1969 to describe this exemplary and functional Cardinal, foe of *degiornamento.*

FREDERICK FRANCK

(Frederick Franck, author of Exploding Church, *writes frequently on the Dutch Church in our pages.)*

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The strength of the GVN is also its weakness; for it continues to rely upon the United States. Even if troop withdrawals (or "replacements" in the doubletalk of General Thieu) do become significant, the Saigon government will be heavily dependent on U.S. economic and military aid to continue the war against the NLF.

The National Liberation Front has the advantage of allies in the North. Years of American military might have not been able to put down their insurgent desires. Its organizational structure is well defined and controls the greater landmass of the South. Although the GVN has been trying to "resettle" many of the contested villages in government areas before elections are held, eventually the movement back to the countryside from crowded refugee camps and cities will add to the NLF nosecount. Pacification is no longer as important to the GVN as people control. It remains to be seen if the resettling program, especially active in I Corps, will pay off.

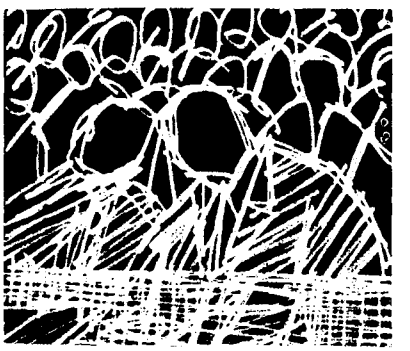
Besides the GVN and the NLF the only other man who can confidently claim a popular base is lawyer Truong Dinh Dzu, the peace candidate who carried a surprising 850,000 votes during the 1967 presidential campaign, and who is now serving the second year of a five year prison sentence for having advocated a coalition government. To most Vietnamese, the vote indicates a desire for peace just as much as it reminds them of the man's former association with Ngo Dinh Diem. One hears talk in Saigon that the Thieu government will soon release Dzu to placate some of his followers and bolster the image of the GVN. Reliable sources say, however, that Dzu was offered freedom in return for political exile. This deal he finally turned down. Dzu remains an embarrassment to American policy-makers in Vietnam and for this reason he may soon return to politics.

General Duong Van "Big" Minh remains one of the central mystery figures in Saigon. One can hardly discuss coalition or compromise without hearing his name. "Big" Minh shared in plotting the Diem coup and served as chief of state for a short period thereafter. Today Minh is back after political exile in Thailand. He is charismatic, the Vietnamese claim, and even the Viet Cong underground radio carefully avoids criticizing him. For the moment his intentions are kept to himself, though should he re-enter the political arena he could seriously change the mood of the country.

Political deadlock could mean the support of the moderate middle will become vitally important. Thus the present factionalization and lack of public exposure to true "third force" groups may eventually prove fatal to U.S. policy-makers in Vietnam. The "either-or" decision which most Vietnamese shun has forced many into the ranks of the Front. As Vietnamese now witness the Americans leaving the country, they may make the choice they have thus far avoided. The pressure to pick a winner will mount as the negotiations progress and a nationalist non-Communist "third choice" may eventually win out.

Few independent forces are relevant in South Vietnam today. Perhaps the most noteworthy to date is the recently formed National Progressive Forces headed by lawyer Tran Ngoc Lieng. Last week twenty-five Vietnamese signed their names to the NPF platform which called for an immediate cease-fire and government of reconciliation. Lieng first entered the political arena as the vice-presidential running mate of General Duong Van Minh in the summer of 1967. The ticket fell through however, when Ky vetoed Minh's request to participate in the elections. Many say the ticket would have been a serious threat to Thieu-Ky because of Minh's wide popularity.

Thieu has spread his arms to invite all South Vietnamese into the GVN—but on his terms. His moves to solidify his Paris negotiating position by nudging toward the middle have been full of fanfare but have changed little. Last month's creation of the National Social Dem-



ocratic Forces, a loose alliance of six pro-government parties, surprised few observers. The alliance's expressed goals as put forth by Thieu are twofold: (1) that "the Communists hold serious negotiations with the Republic of Vietnam." (2) The alliance is "determined to carry the war of self-defense to ultimate victory."

Pressure is mounting on political leaders to join the government in order to legitimize themselves in time to benefit from the Paris peace talks. It is not likely that the independents will do so at the risk of abandoning principles which have carried them throughout the war. Until the U.S. and GVN poltical policies allow for truly independent positions, the most the "third force" can do is continue its underground activities. Surfacing too soon would certainly bring on the government's steamroller and possible prison sentences.

Father Lich, the former director of the Dominican order in Vietnam and ranking Catholic liberal, summed up the third force as a "moral force." "The third force," he added, "is still very divided and does not yet exist outside the minds of the people. If one day it does become reality it can do so only outside the sphere of American influence or American supported policy." Things may change in the coming months, but for the moment only two sides are bargaining at the peace table.

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THE STAGE

Last fall, unbeknownst to the New York theatrical world, Denise Darcel and Mickey Hargitay took to the road in *Follies Burlesque '69*, a show in which their monumental absence of talent was shored up by the usual specialty strip numbers and the comedy of Looney Lewis, a bush-league Bert Lahr, who trotted out the usual one-liners ("There's something I like about you, but I can't put my finger on it") and cranked up the old burlesque sketches. It was just awful. Yet it had a quality, a sort of seedy exuberance, that is unfortunately missing from shows as different as *Geese* and *Oh! Calcutta!*, which have been clucking huddled together in the popular press' concern with how far the stage can go in its new quest for freedom. (Producers, aping the girl in the old Nichols-May sketch, ask, "Would you respect me if I went all the way?" and audiences, paying scalper's prices for preview tickets to *Oh! Calcutta!*, answer, "I'd respect you like crazy.")

One could hardly expect *Geese* to be fun in the burlesque sense, for Gus Weill's two one-act plays are deadly serious—at least in form and surface intention. It is possible, as some reviews have suggested, that the production is simply an attempt to cash in on the market for nudity and homosexuality, but that accusation, I suspect, stems from a confusion of quality with motivation. That the plays are lamentably written and acted does not necessarily mean that they are venal, although the example of the cheap skin-flick might suggest so. If they intended to be simply prurient, why would they go to such lengths to be preachily earnest? Even the *double-entendre* lines (the Lesbian's answer to a question about a first visit to the South: "Oh, no, I've been down often") do not get the laughs that they might elicit from an outside audience. I am afraid that the two plays are what they look like—mini-moralities, somewhat 1920's in their pseudo-realism and bad psychology and a little 1950's in their insistence on love, love, love. They are unusual only in the inclusiveness of their message (by Hugh Heffner out of *Laugh-In*: well, whatever turns you on) and in the fact that the love scenes are played in full or partial undress. Come to think of it, they are not all that inclusive since in both plays heterosexuality is presented as disastrous. There is probably an unintended message in these relentlessly talky plays: that the pre- and post-coital conversation of homsexuals is as dull as heterosexual bed chat. And, finally, a note on cultural change. The girls in the Lesbian play strip to the waist for their love scene; the boys play their homosexual scene completely nude. I remember, when I was a boy back in Indiana in the 1930's, overhearing the complaint of an aunt who had just come back from a nudist movie. "It isn't fair; the girls face directly forward, but the men never turn around." I will leave it to someone else—G. Legman? Leslie Fiedler?—to find the cultural significance there.

Unlike *Geese,* which sort of sidled into the Players Theater, *Oh! Calcutta!* arrived at the Eden (renamed for the occassion), all flags flying, all drums beating. Kenneth Tynan, critic, literateur, dramaturge to the National Theatre, friend of pornographers everywhere, decided, as his ponderous self-interview in the *New York Times* (June 15, 1969) indicated, to save eroticism from the likes of Looney Lewis, to put together a show that would be "a few cuts above burlesque in intelligence and sophistication." The result is a handsome revue, imaginative in its use of multi-screen visuals, which manages, for all its slickness, to be dull and somewhat smug about it. The show opens with the introduction of the cast in a choral strip, a coldly elegant bathrobe peepshow, which is apparently supposed to be erotic and to kid its eroticism. It fails on both counts, in part because it takes an unconscionable time for each on ten performers to get his (or her) spotlight and do his variation on the tease while blow-up photographs of him fill the stage behind. It is a portent of what is to come. Pornography, I suppose, can best be enjoyed in a leisurely fashion, but there is a great difference between erotic suspense (that's how the strip-tease was born) and the kind of exhaustion which sets in when a dance or a sketch goes on too long. Both art and eroticism build to a climax; the great fault of *Oh! Calcutta!* is not that it fails to provide purgation, either Aristotelian or sexual, but that it never even manipulates the audience so that a purge is needed. Take the dance numbers, for instance. Whether they involve the full company or a single couple, whether they are sadly lyrical ("Much Too Soon") or satiric (danced to a hillbilly rock ballad), they are all variations on the touch-me-don't-touch-me seduction dances that filled Broadway stages in the late 1940's, early 1950's. The fact that they are performed nude cannot distract from the bromidic vocabulary of the dance itself (lift, slide, turn, reach) and, since neither the full dance nor segments of it have a recognizable progression, the final effect is dissolution not repletion.

It is in the sketches, however, that *Oh! Calcutta!* is at its worst. Tynan is supposed to have invited a number of eminent (Samuel Beckett), fashionable (Jules Feiffer, John Lennon) and, you should excuse the expression in this context, up-and-coming (Sam Shepard, Leonard Melfi) writers to turn their sex fantasies into sketches. The program refrains from indicating who wrote what, but, given the overall quality of the material, that is no real protection for the reputations of the men invloved. Unless, as infrequently happens, a revue sketch is a genuine character turn (for instance, the theatrical maid Moss Hart wrote for Bea Lillie in *Inside U.S.A.*), it depends for its effect on a final gag, verbal or sight, which

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Here and Now

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is successful only if the gag is funny and the preparation has been clean, clear and short. Most of the sketches in *Oh! Calcutta!* are character turns that fail (for a few minutes, the visiting couple in the sex-swap scene are a happy surprise, but the sketch dies of repetition) or gags (the fainting father in "Rock Garden") which have been too long in the making. The best example of a sketch gone wrong is "Was It Good for You Too?" This is one of the mock-copulation sketches, the most graphic since a nude actor mounts a nude actress and pumps obligingly. The joke, which is conceivably a funny one, lies in the question of the title, for the sex act is performed under laboratory conditions, amid a battery of Masters-Johnson response collectors. The ostensible joke, that is. In fact, the sketch is a variation on a perennial burlesque favorite —"Crazy House." The sex laboratory, like the rest home in "Crazy House," is staffed with low-comedy nurses and doctors, eye-rolling, tongue-lolling, rubber-kneed clowns who interrupt the young man's screw as, in "Crazy House" they interfere with the patient's much needed rest. There is even a build toward the required pandemonium, for a band of gypsy musicians dance through, accompanied by two dogs, presumably at the moment of climax. The ingredients are there, then, but the sketch still does not work. For two reasons, I think. First, the satiric implications of the sex-laboratory setting are lost when the scene becomes a standard slapstick frustration sketch. Second, the cast is incapable—at least, under Tynan's high-purpose wet blanket—of the lunatic joy that "Crazy House" demands.

Back in 1963, when Ann Corio was playing the Eden (then the Casino-East) in *This Was Burlesque,* Steve Mills, the top banana, interrupted his patter when a particularly bad joke failed to get a laugh, looked up at an imaginary projection booth and called out, "O.K., Harry, turn on the fight pictures." Yes. GERALD WEALES

PLUCK AND FURY

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THE SCREEN

Just as if in answer to all my moaning at the bar about the decline of the western in my July 11th column, two new westerns in the grand style are now on our screens. Both are complete with rough-and-tumble, fast riding, faster shooting, interesting stories set in the past, and stars chasing each other in mad pursuit through gorgeous scenery photographed in Technicolor. Who could ask for more?

It was inevitable when *True Grit* (Charles Portis' novel about a young girl who sets out to avenge her father's murder in the 1880 West) came out last summer, got rave reviews and became a best-seller that it would be made into a movie. But it was not inevitable

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that it would be made into such a good movie. Fortunately Hal B. Wallis got the rights to the book; and his production is first-rate throughout. The first part of "True Grit" is rather slow and talky for a western, but the talk is colorful and character-establishing. Marguerite Roberts, who wrote the good screenplay, uses much of the bright Portis dialogue in American vernacular, and she made a few changes (mostly to the good) in the story. What she doesn't do, however, is tell the story entirely from Mattie Ross' point of view—as does the book which is supposedly written by Mattie many years later and contains some priceless observations by this moralistic spinster.

Once Mattie and the two men accompanying her (or rather she goes with *them* much to their annoyance, because who wants a 14-year-old girl tagging along when you're pursuing a killer) leave Arkansas and get into the Indian Territory, "True Grit" plunges into its exciting adventures and director Henry Hathaway keeps things moving at a fast pace. Shoot-outs with the outlaws the murderer has joined, chases across plains and through mountains, and the heroine's falling into a snake pit all add to the tension. But it is perhaps the characters you'll remember most in this well-made excursion into Americana.

Although Kim Darby looks rather well-built for a girl of 14, she plays the sassy, prissy, fearless Mattie Ross beautifully; and she succeeds in making this outspoken, true-grit girl believable, even to her prowess at horse-trading and ability to shoot. As the two men with Mattie who also prove they have true grit, popular folk-singer Glen Campbell, in his first movie, proves little more than a handsome figure as La Boeuf, the Texas Ranger (but perhaps the role needs little more) while John Wayne is U.S. Marshal Rooster Cogburn right out of the novel. Aging, one-eyed, pot-bellied, fearless, hard-drinking, tough Rooster is perhaps the summary of many Wayne roles throughout his long career and Wayne plays the part to perfection—or is he playing? In any case, 1969 should be Wayne's Oscar Year. And "True Grit" itself may well be remembered at Oscar time. So should Mattie Ross, of whom Rooster says "By Gawd, she reminds me of me."

It is interesting that Lucien Ballard who did the pretty photography for the rather sentimental "True Grit" with its lovely autumn and winter scenes was also director of photography for the other good western, "The Wild Bunch" and shows us equally fine but quite severe and unromantic views of its violent characters in the American southwest and Mexico. The scenes of violence almost dominate "The Wild Bunch" and in some of them, as in the early scenes showing the wild bunch of bandits robbing a railroad station in San Rafael, Texas, and the closing episodes in Mexico where the "bunch" massacre a corrupt Mexican general and his gang, the carnage is done in slow motion giving a kind of beauty to all the bloodiness which makes the audience feel a tinge of guilt. In telling this story about the end of an outlaw gang, and in fact the end of the frontier period (around 1913), director Sam Peckinpaw is no doubt trying to debunk the sentimental western with all its killing, mayhem and noble characters. Shatter the myth he does, but he needn't have been quite so violent in doing it.

"The Wild Bunch" is extremely well directed and Peckinpaw succeeds in getting outstanding performances from several of his stars: William Holden as the leader of the bunch that includes Jaime Sanchez (in a flawless performance), Ernest Borgnine, Edmond O'Brien, and others all good as bad men; and Robert Ryan in a vibrant and thoughtful portrait of a former gang member who is now leading the bounty hunters in pursuing them. The plot doesn't add up to much and gets somewhat confused with all those gangs chasing other gangs; and I found the 140-minute running time excessive. But cinematically "The Wild Bunch" is great. Perhaps Peckinpaw belongs to the school believing theatrical violence helps us release and overcome our own tendencies to commit violence. Or perhaps Peckinpaw is saying the child is father of the man: immediately before the deadly robbery in San Rafael, he shows us children torturing scorpions with red ants. "The Wild Bunch" is not for the squeamish, but cineastes will sing its well-deserved praises.

I can't imagine anyone caring much for "The Great Bank Robbery," which is another of those so-called western comedies but isn't very funny. It has a hodge-podge plot involving so many gangs out to rob the bank in Friendly or to stop the robbery that one can't keep them straight. It also has a good cast (Zero Mostel, Kim Novak, Clint Walker, Larry Storch, Ruth Warrick, Sam Jaffe, Akim Tamiroff, and more) but director Hy Averback doesn't know what to do with them. I'd say stay out of Friendly.

I suppose Andy Warhol's "Lonesome Cowboys" isn't really a western either. But it too takes place in the west, has some rugged desert scenery, and some pseudo-cowboys who tussle a lot but not so much in the spirit of violence as in the spirit of sex. When I met Viva, about a year and a half ago, she told me that Warhol was directing her in a western version of "Romeo and Juliet." At times, this film seems to be what Warhol had in mind, but instead of a parody on Shakespeare, it seems to have become a camp version of cowboy life—with most of the boys interested in the boys, except for occasional attempts with Viva, who is really no one's idea of Juliet. Once again I guess Warhol is just putting us on. I'm surprised he didn't call his film "Homo on the Range."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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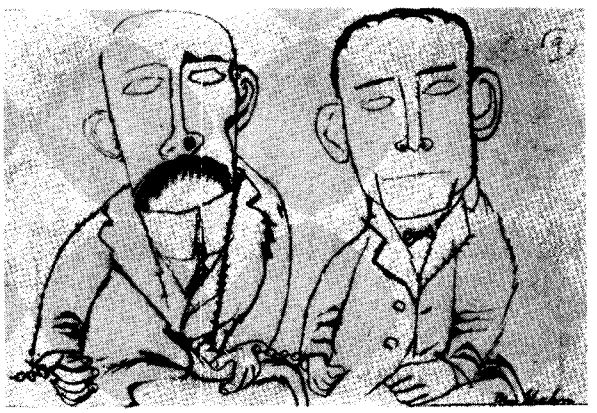
SACCO AND VANZETTI

Still nagging the American conscience

JOHN DEEDY



NO skeletons rattle more loudly in the closet of American jurisprudence than those of Nicola Sacco, shoemaker, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, fish peddler. The years—49 since their arrest on charges of murder during a payroll holdup in South Braintree, Massachusetts; 42 since their execution in Charlestown State Prison—have not erased doubts about their innocence, nor glossed the travesty of their trial. In one context, their fate stands as an indictment of the American legal system; in another it is a case study of what happens to justice in America when bigotry and prejudice grip the nation in one or another form of political paranoia.

Herbert B. Ehrmann titles his book *The Case That Will Not Die,* and in the sense that ghosts of the condemned innocent have a life of their own, he is quite exact. On the other hand, the condemned innocent can be vindicated, and though efforts toward that end have been multiple and impressive in the instance of Sacco and Vanzetti, none has ever succeeded in rehabilitating them, by placing their case beyond legal question or by making the men themselves central to the sympathies of American people generally. For a generation of Europeans, Sacco and Vanzetti could be martyr-heroes, but to unreflective Americans they are still anarchists and therefore, guilty or innocent of crimes charged, objects of fear and contempt during their lifetime and of indifference after death.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case, A Transcript

PREFATORY ESSAY BY WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

Appel, $200

The Case That Will Not Die

HERBERT B. EHRMANN

Little, Brown; $12.50

Ehrmann corrects part of the problem with an exhaustive legal and political disposition which establishes the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti more clearly than anything that has gone before. But like all Sacco-Vanzetti efforts of whatever sort, his falls short of doing the total job. The essential failure is the not unimportant one of conveying so little of the admirable personal qualities of the accused. Leon Friedman has characterized Vanzetti as "one of the purest souls of the century," an accolade not at all idolatrous. Kindred, if less glowing, testaments can be found for Sacco. Though the qualities of the men certainly do not make impossible the crimes for which they were electrocuted, they are not irrelevant to the full picture, not if the personalities of men contribute to an understanding of events. Ehrmann neglects the characters of the men and, curiously does not even include in his book Vanzetti's last statement, one of the most moving declarations of the 1920s.

Ehrmann's failure is doubly regrettable. As junior counsel for the defense during the last two years of the case, and as last surviving lawyer on either side for any substantial length of time, Ehrmann is possibly the last person who could produce the definitive summation of the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, in combination with an authentic portrait of their personalities. Henceforth, the dependency will be on writers working from source materials. Though it is not impossible that the latter can accomplish what those who had the advantage of direct contact could not, it is less likely that they will. The Sacco-Vanzetti story appears destined to be a shadowy one on which a last judgment is never formed.

The second disappointment is related to this likelihood, for a fully-rounded treatise by Ehrmann would have been the perfect complement to a new six-volume transcript of the trial and subsequent proceedings, published by Paul P. Appel, a Westchester County out-of-print book dealer. Together the two publishing enterprises might have settled Sacco-Venzetti matters beyond all question and for all time, since the Appel publishing effort is for its genre what the Ehrmann work might have been: the absolutely definitive item.

The Appel publication is a massive thing: 6,300 pages of transcript; scores of plates and maps; and a bibliography of virtually everything published in English on the case from 1920 to 1967. Two details set the publication apart and make it a vital item for serious libraries, whether or not a library already has on its shelves the only other transcript edition (Holt, 1929). One is the 20-page section in volume IV on the crucial issue of the switching of gun barrels by a ballistic expert, a section inexplicably never included in the original edition; the other is a 35-

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page prefatory essay by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas setting forth his views on legal and juridical procedures in the case, and indicating the grounds on which the Supreme Court of the 1960s *would* (not might) review the arrest and trial of the principals. In a way, Douglas' is an intellectual exercise, but not so frivolous as might at first seem; the quest for justice is never frivolous, however long the books may be closed on any event.

Douglas finds five areas of challenge: as to the selection of jury (jurors "should not be hand-picked for their proclivity 'to hang' the accused"); as to the identification of Sacco and Vanzetti while in custody of the police ("when the police show an accused singly to a witness, the message that they suspect that he was the killer or the robber is clear; and it is apt to have a devastating effect"); as to the suppression of truth by the prosecution ("where crucial evidence used at the trial was later said to be false and known to be such by the prosecutor, the convicted person is entitled to an evidentiary hearing in a *habeas corpus* proceeding"); as to insufficient warnings about self-incrimination during custodial interrogation; finally, as to the saturation of the trial with the radicalism of the defendants.

Douglas' discussion of the last grounds dramatizes once more the strange political hysteria to which the United States is prone when certain "sacred" values are brought into question. In his testimony, Sacco linked Harvard to "the capitalist class," and instantly the flags of fear stood straight in the rhetoric. The scare words of the day were "Reds" and "Bolshevism," and the agents of discord were "the foreigners." Italians were "foreigners" in the 1920s, and "foreigners" who were also "anarchists" received no quarter. Hence, Sacco's reference to Harvard resulted in the following preposterous cross examination:

Q. I will raise my voice a little bit. Did you say in substance you could not send your boy to Harvard? A. Yes.

Q. Unless you had money. Did you say that? A. Of course.

Q. Do you think that is true? A. I think it is.

Q. Don't you know Harvard University educates more boys of poor people free than any other university in the United States of America. [The court having overrruled his counsel's objection, Sacco answered.] *A. I can't answer that question, no.*

Q. So without the light of knowledge on that subject, you are condemning even Harvard University, are you, as being a place for rich men?

Q. Did you intend to condemn Harvard College? [Objection overruled.] *A. No, sir.*

Douglas is obviously appalled that such questioning should have been tolerated by Massachusetts Superior Court Judge Webster Thayer, but he stops short of blunt criticism of the judge, just as he avoids precise prediction on the result of his hypothetical High Court review. However, there is no need for Douglas to spell out his opinions. Sacco and Vanzetti would

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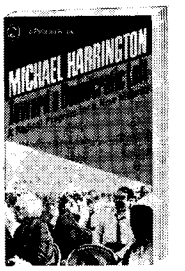
FORWARD, BACKWARD
AND UNDERGROUND



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gain their review in a ruling that would reflect harshly on Judge Thayer for his biases, if not for his juridical factitiousness. Douglas makes that plain when he writes: "The game was played according to the rules. But the rules were used to perpetrate an awful injustice."

The pity is that that injustice is likely to stand forever. With the death a year ago of Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael Musmanno, the last of the truly energetic crusaders for a posthumous rendering of justice to Sacco and Vanzetti passed from the scene. Maybe some day someone, some group will move effectively into Musmanno's place, pricking consciences, lighting torches, needling the Massachusetts Legislature, doing whatever must be done to right the wrong of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But one should not count on it. The interest that lingers belongs chiefly to a thinning generation. The children of today have causes of their own; the children of tomorrow will have theirs. Sacco and Vanzetti seem fated to become sad, romantic footnotes to history, tragic figures like the Rosenbergs who die, in Morton Sobell's words, "in order to satisfy the political requirements of the day." The United States has had a frightening succession of such days.

So all that remains is the warning of what happens in the United States when passion of fear and hatred pull people from ideals of behavior, Ehrmann speaks of this in a poignant last paragraph outlining the ultimate challenge of the Sacco-Vanzetti case: "Have we the stamina to hold fast to our professed standards of conduct under the stress of transient manias and emotional excesses?" The history of the nation does not inspire an instinctively optimistic response. Yet, says Ehrmann, "the future of civilization may hinge on the answer to this question and, possibly, even the continued existence of the human race." There may be exaggeration in Ehrmann's phraseology; nevertheless there is enough validity in it on so many levels of our national life to make speculation based on the past a nervous experience indeed.

BOOKS

The making of the pluperfect Irishman

Rafferty & Co.

BETTY WAHL

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95

WARREN COFFEY

William Yeats is the author of the following short history of the Industrial Revolution: "Locke swooned, the Garden died,/God took the spinning-jenny out of his side." John Locke has never gone down well with the Irish. Bishop Berkeley began his refutation of Locke by writing simply, "We Irish do not think so." An idea something like that animates the hero of *Rafferty & Co.*, an Irish-American historian named Patrick Rafferty who takes leave from his job at a mid-western college to go back to the old country and revive the right weaving of Irish tweed. One in the eye for the spinning-jenny seems to be the idea. And one in the eye for naugahyde, as Rafferty seems to disapprove of most things American in the 20th century. He is a great admirer of the Irish 18th century—his daughters are named Stella and Vanessa, with a glance at Swift's women. And at one point he muses, looking at the Irish Georgian all around him, that it must have been impossible in that time to put up a bad building.

Rafferty leases a country house with a thirty-foot drawing room and a view of the Irish Sea for himself and his family and joins battle with the government bureaus to get his looms going and train his weavers. He fails of course. His company goes bankrupt, his weavers scatter, his American drive breaks down in the endless bogs of Irish fecklessness. We see him at the end, Rafferty at the Loom, going native. He is weaving for Irish wages, and his diet is drifting toward tea, bread, and jam. He has made a crony of his gateman, Johnnie O'Connor, and he has lost all sense of time and any plan of returning to America. He is pluperfectly Irish, a cottager in fact. And his wife, after some struggling with a primitive kitchen, seems as pleased as he is about the transformation of their lives.

Some readers will remember some of this from a really stylish short story called "A Shorter History of the Irish People" by Betty Wahl in the *Kenyon Review* a few years ago. It's put on a little weight since then and doesn't move quite so smartly, but it's a book with much delight and much instruction. Betty Wahl, who is married to J. F. Powers, the master of that last cottage industry, the short story, has a great ear and a way of her own with a sentence. She has worked up a fine quiet comedy out of material that might easily have gone in other hands all shamrock and fey or all artsy-craftsy.

The narrative is weak or unclear in one or two places, notably in a longish sequence about the I.R.A. and a sack of explosives left in the Rafferty drawing room. The sequence might play funny, or film funny, but it's too physical to come off on paper. And later on, a letter from Rafferty's brother announcing the bankruptcy of the firm comes too patly to be convincing.

These are small failings though and of a kind one expects in a first novel. More surprising, and more damaging I think, is the book's failure to establish what it is the Raffertys are fleeing in America. There are hints of a certain shadiness in Rafferty's businessman brother. And there is a Dr. Steichen running the college Rafferty teaches at who is a cretin and has a clubwoman wife. But all of these people are cut out of absolute cardboard, and so is Oakley College and the midwest. It is curious to find this cardboard, prim quality in a book so deft at catching the texture and grain of its Irish characters and scenes.

The Irish part is done brilliantly, all of it, the rain, the bicycles, the idea of a cloth to outlast a man. And nothing

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is trite, no Roaring Boy O, nothing for *Holiday*, no blushing the poverty. The range is impressive too, from the bureaus in Dublin out into the cottages and into a country house and over some of the most charming and lovingly recorded life below stairs anywhere west of Henry Green's *Loving*. On Mary the cook-maid, on Brian the errand boy, on Johnnie the gateman and his cat Red Eva, on a carpenter named Willie Ryan, the book is a caution and a delight. The girl can write like a streak.

The Church as Enemy: Anticlericalism in Nineteenth Century French Literature

JOSEPH MOODY

Corpus, $10

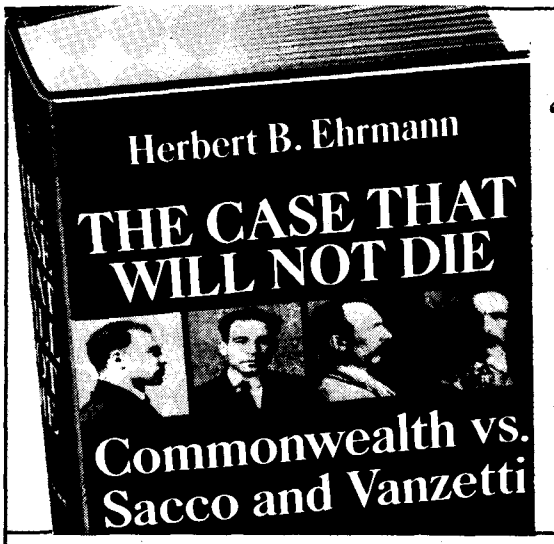
THOMAS P. ANDERSON

It seems hard to believe in our own age in which the principles of liberalism are under attack from all sides, from the Communists, the New Left, the Neo-Fascists, that there was once an idyllic time in which the great enemy of liberalism appeared to be the Roman Catholic Church. In those days it was believed, especially in France, that most rational of countries, that if only one could rid the world of priestcraft and superstition a new age of freedom and progress could begin.

Joseph Moody has captured this spirit in French literature very well. The writers whom he discusses, Stendhal, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Zola and Anatole France, were all, after their own fashions, liberals. All of them deplored, to some extent, the regressive elements in the pervasive Catholic culture of their country. This is not to say that all of these writers should be labled *anticlericals*. In fact, Father Moody's subtitle is rather misleading. More properly the book might be called "Religious Attitudes of Certain Nineteenth Century French Novelists." Balzac, many of whose novels fairly drip with romantic, Catholic sentimentality, was no more anticlerical than Graham Greene, and although Flaubert was not a practicing Catholic, he was basically sympathetic to the Church.

Further, no attempt is made to give a comprehensive view of French anticlerical literature. In addition to those writers mentioned above, only a few important figures, mostly novelists, are discussed. There is one brief chapter on historians, but in it only Michelet, Renan and Taine are given any space. Tocqueville is mentioned only in passing. There is little material on the philosophers of the age and nothing at all on the journalists or authors of *belles lettres*, though surely there must have been more anticlericalism in non-fiction than in fiction.

Within the limitations that he has set for himself, the author does a very creditable job. Stendhal is a name that comes to mind immediately when one thinks of anticlerical literature, and Moody carefully dissects Stendhal's religious attitudes, pointing out, quite correctly, that he was still very much an eighteenth century man, a child of the enlightenment. Not everyone would agree, however, with Moody's statement that Stendhal always viewed religion as a corrupting factor. There is a surprisingly religious, and even pro-clerical tone to some of his work, especially that curious book *The Charterhouse of Parma*. While the author catches well Stendhal's contempt for certain kinds of clerics, he appears to miss the equally obvious fascination that the Church had for Stendhal. Here again the title of the book is misleading. It was not that Stendhal regarded the Church as enemy, rather he regarded it as one of the most profound influences upon the characters in his novels and therefore as something which he, as a novelist, had to treat in detail and in depth.



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REVIEWERS

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The only true enemy of the Church whom Moody treats is Émile Zola. Zola, as Moody amply demonstrates, was an embittered enemy of religion whom the Dreyfus Affair only made more bitter. The writings of Zola mark the high point of the secularist attack upon nineteenth century Catholicism and the author is quite right in devoting three chapters to the development of Zola's anticlerical position. For this great novelist the Church became an obsession. In the end, as this study makes clear, the polemicist gets the better of the artist and Zola became a mere hatemonger. After that, attacks on the Church tapered off. This study shows that Anatole France was much more benign in his view of Catholicism.

The reason for the decline of anticlericalism was simply that, after Combes' rupture of the Concordat, the Church was no longer worth attacking. Further, as time went on, the Church gave up many of the anti-liberal positions which she had held. By the mid-1960's we find that she has at last come to terms with the nineteenth century. Moody is quite honest in admitting that it was the capitulation of the Church that brought an end to anticlericalism.

There is very little attempt to draw general conclusions about anticlericalism. From time to time the author mentions the mythic quality of anticlericalism, which he compares to the anti-Semitic myth, but the components of the myth are not all that clear. One element that does stand out is the idea of a Jesuit Plot, the anticlerical counterpart of the Masonic plot.

The author seems to feel that the writers discussed had few genuine personal grievances against clerics. Here he forgets that the clergy constantly attacked the novels of most of these writers, discouraging the sale of their books, and hitting them where it hurt most, in the pocketbook. Eventually most of them received the highest literary accolade of the Church by being placed on the Index of Forbidden Books. This study might have been improved if Joseph Moody had gone into these last points more fully, but within the limitations set by the author it is thorough and well done.

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IN BRIEF

Responsibility in Modern Religious Ethics. By Albert R. Jonsen. Corpus Books, $6.95.

Father Jonsen's revised Yale dissertation clarifies the meaning and use of the concept of responsibility among moral philosophers and religious moralists. Haering, Bonhoeffer, Niebuhr and Johann are his principal protagonists. Consummate scholarship but not beyond lay grasp.

Readings in Social Theology. Edited by Everett J. Morgan, S. J. Pflaum, $3.75.

There really is no such genre as social theology. Morgan has simply patched together some fair to middling articles from Catholic journals and grouped them loosely around certain themes: witness, morality, education, politics, etc. Although Berrigan, Himmelfarb, Courtney Murray and Mouroux are among the contributors, their best work is not represented. As a whole the essays have lost their flavor. It is difficult indeed to concentrate on a pre-*Humanae Vitae* birth control overview or a 1955 piece on "The Meaning and Value of Atheism Today."

The Quiet Rebels. By Margaret H. Bacon. Basic Books, $5.95.

This is a friendly history of the Quaker story in America from colonial to present time. It records with graceful clarity the progression of incidents and causes which has enriched Quaker humanism in this country.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 451)

spectable as a review of Prof. Carlos Baker's biography?

I have no objection to Mr. Maloff's commentary on Hemingway's life style, ill-suited though I believe him to be to undertake such a complex endeavor. I would prefer that your publication list such items under "The Uninformed Layman's Armchair Analysis, Viewed Through A Wrong End of A Thirty-Year Old Telescope." Or some other such relevant headline. BRUCE MCCABE

REPLY

Hemingway's true achievement needs no defense, and I therefore did not undertake to defend it. That there is no

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doubt in my mind that his reputation is secure and his achievement lasting I made perfectly clear in the final paragraph and (at least by implication) throughout. Surely at this late date it does not need to be said again that a round dozen of the stories are a permanent part of our (and the world's) literature; therefore I did not comment on their "clarity, power and structure" —an exercise for freshmen in any case. Nor did I in fact "group" *For Whom the Bell Tools* with *To Have and Have Not,* though I did mention them serially, which is not quite the same thing. True, I haven't much to say for the former; the latter is best forgotten. The clear intention of my mentioning *Torrents* was to make a small, familiar observation about Hemingway as a man. And as for *By-Line,* while I do indeed admire some of it (and said so in a review once), it would have been entirely beside the point to consider it in my review. In short, it was no part of my intention—does *this* really need saying? —to employ this occasion for a deliberate overview of the body of work in all its progressions and regressions.

Baker's *Hemingway,* which he subtitles "A Life Story," was under review. Ah-ha—*now* we're getting somewhere! Let me disclose a little more of the mystery by adding that Baker's earlier work, which *was* a critical study, was *not* under review. Hence I felt it my duty to comment on the "life story" and the "life style" and the man who embodied both, and much more, as the man emerged from Baker's biography—or failed to emerge, or emerged only in part and obscurely, another point I felt constrained to make. Moreover, I was dealing with an "authorized" life of an important writer the dimensions and nature of whose achievement were, precisely, the questions at issue even before his death. Critical assessment—the quest for perspective—is the ongoing enterprise with respect to his work. Now the negative reaction must be acknowledged and in some way dealt with; this I attempted, briefly and in passing, to do. In the case of Hemingway, the reaction amounts often to a wholesale repudiation of language and mode and sensibility—a radical departure from the very *kind* of fiction he practiced. This has to be said if we are even to begin to see some fundamental aspects of contemporary literary history. My task, as I saw it, was to comment on these matters; to make some observations upon the "life story" and upon the virtues and limitations of Baker's work—all in short compass. Whether or not I did this tolerably well is not for me to say; I can say, however, that was my intention, and I'll allow myself to say it seems to me I fulfilled it, which is all I can reasonably demand of myself in a short review-article.

I find, after staring at Bruce McCabe's fit of pique for the better part of an evening, that I can summon up no way of gaining a purchase on it except to say there it is and here am I. (I have it memorized now and report that I like "rather amateurish effort," though my favorite by all odds remains "penny-a-word hack for "'Outdoor Life'"). Apart from that I confess I can nowhere discover its point. Thus I must conclude pique is its point; and that it is quite without merit or substance: quite. I have passed along to the editors of *Commonweal* Mr. McCabe's proposal for a "headline," along with a memo on his curious sense of literary history if he can for a moment suppose that a line of my piece (whatever its sins may be) could have been written 30 years ago.

SAUL MALOFF

Dissent to Editorial

Cleveland

To the Editors: In your comments about Bishop Shannon's problems ["The Shannon Affair," June 20], which by the way were based on sketchy information, you referred to Pope Paul's *Humanae Vitae* as "a troglodyte encyclical on sexual morality."

It is true that the teaching about the immorality of artificial contraception goes back to the beginning of Christianity and then into the millenia of the synagogue. The teaching is as "troglodyte" as "Thou shalt not have false gods" and "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

JOSEPH A. BREIG

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